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THE CREIGHTON QUARTERLY SHADOWS

VOLUME XXVIII
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The Creighton Quarterly Shadows

THE STUDENT MAGAZINE OF
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Midnight Mass

Trudging through fresh, new heaps of snow.
I make a path where none has gone before.
I know my shadow trudges on behind;
His silent footsteps I cannot ignore.

The moonlight, like a far-flung virgin robe,
Flings whiteness round a world supremely white:
A preparation for the great rebirth
Of Him who was a humble Nazarite.

A King of kings he is—and joyous bells
Peal forth His welcome on the frosty air.
And people leave their warm and happy hearths,
The myrrh and gold and frankincense to share.

My poor weak offering in my hands I hold,
And fear to give. My heart is beating wild!
I humbly kneel upon the lowest step
Before the crib of Him, the Holy Child.

—MARGARET RAU MCGUIRE

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE "TALKING WIRES"

Editor's Note: On Saturday, October 24, 1936, in New York City the officials of the telegraph companies celebrated the diamond jubilee of the completion of the transcontinental telegraph. Closing the last gap of this line was the achievement of Edward Creighton, a founder of The Creighton University. The route of the telegraph from Omaha to San Francisco he personally explored and selected after a mid-winter ride on horseback and alone, an outstanding exploit of courage and endurance in a generation when epic adventures were commonplace in the West.

On the Fourth of July, 1861, Edward Creighton began building the line west from Omaha while another section was being constructed between Fort Bridger and Salt Lake City. Meantime a line that had already been built from San Francisco to Fort Churchill, Nevada, was being pushed eastward to Salt Lake City. On October 17, 1861, Edward Creighton himself united the wires which completed the circuit between Salt Lake City and Omaha and sent the following message to his wife:

Fort Bridger, October 17, 1861

To Mrs. Edward Creighton
Omaha, Nebraska

This being the first message over the new line since its completion to Salt Lake, allow me to greet you. In a few days two oceans will be united.

Edward Creighton.

Just a week later, the California line was brought in and the Overland Telegraph was a reality. The Atlantic and the Pacific were now joined by what the mystified Indians called "Talking Wires."

In 1870 an appreciation of Edward Creighton was published in the *Journal of the Telegraph*, a New York publication. Copies of this sample of nineteenth century journalism are rare, and this contemporary estimate of a Creighton founder will appeal to every friend of the university. Therefore we reprint the entire article on the occasion of the diamond jubilee of the event it celebrated.

THE Telegraph in America has not been extended to its present proportions without a multitude of agencies, all apparently so interlocked as to have made each one dependent on every other. There were men who, by forecasting its vast benefits to society, stimulated capital. At first this was no easy process. To men who had amassed fortunes by building

railroads, and giving commerce wings upon the ocean by a steam marine; to men who accreted their millions by discounting notes, by trading in stocks, by dealing in the great staples which all needed and every one must buy, the proposal to string wires through the air to convey language from city to city with the speed of thought was too visionary to enlist consideration. The most thoughtful and the most practical men laughed at it. When John Butterfield and Theodore S. Faxon represented to the officers of the New York Central Railroad its usefulness in regulating trains, they were regarded as candidates for an institution in their native city of Utica whose massive columns and long wards welcomed and confined, and cured, the visionary and the insane. The first money subscribed for the construction of telegraph lines was given partly to encourage a scientific idea, partly as a gift, and partly by the enthusiasm of a few practical men who bent themselves to its successful introduction. Now, almost any sharper can get up a capital for a line of telegraph. The art of enlarging upon its possibilities and its capacity to earn golden results has been thoroughly acquired. It is the age of *morus multicaulis* revived, when from each budding spot which pimpled on the tiny branch whole jungles of coming trees seemed to grow, and on which myriads of silkworms were yet to weave their rich cocoons in the glowing and golden light of the summer's sun.

“Then came to light a class of men who, taking advantage of the awakened attention of the people, went through the country organizing companies to connect special localities to each other. Poles were cheap and easily got, and a margin of one or two hundred per cent made hungry men keen to complete the serial roads. Poles of any size, from a fishing rod to a bean pole or a rail fence, so that they could be bought under fifty cents apiece, went up along the farm sides like magic, and all outside infi-

delity to permanence was forgiven when the corresponding click of the wondrous machinery was heard and Clockville was announced as connected by magnetic Telegraph with Slab City.

"After this came a class of men who saw that this fragmentary and temporary provision for what was making itself manifest as a great public necessity must soon prove its folly and its weakness. Already commerce had seen the advantages of speedy communication with her interests at points far remote from each other, which so far could only be maintained by the use of a multiplicity of lines which turned over their poorly executed work from one to the other, each charging its separate tariff, and by frequent rewriting consuming time and multiplying error. These men commenced grouping these fractional lines, extending the territory of single jurisdiction, reducing the process of repetition, and opening up to commerce the possibility of communication so speedy and so correct as to make it the basis of new schemes of enterprise, which it was not slow to use, and which not only enlarged the sphere and scope of commerce but, by the perception of that possibility and the free use of the wires to which it led, brought fortune and success to these sagacious focalizers of the telegraph in America. Thus Hiram Sibley and J. H. Wade, and Ezra Cornell, as well as others, enjoy today their well earned fortunes.

"But to these men there were needed practical men to carry out fully their projects. It was not alone necessary to amalgamate the various lines in one; almost all of these amalgamated structures had to be rebuilt and made permanent. Uncertainty of communication was no longer even tolerable. So men who could be relied on to change these ephemeral structures and make them enduring, as well as to pioneer new routes, were essential. Prominent among these was the subject of the present sketch, a man who by simple, practical common sense, by devotion to the labor he undertook, by freedom from all fanciful conceits, by fidelity in carrying out his contracts, has placed

himself, as to wealth and influence, on a level with those who at first attached him to their service.

“Edward Creighton was born in Belmont County, Ohio, near the present town of Barnesville, August 31, 1820. In 1834 his family removed to Licking County, near Newark, O. In 1840 he went to Springfield, where he secured a contract in the construction of a part of the national stage road between Springfield, O., and Wheeling, Va.

“In 1845 he entered into a contract to prepare the roadbed of a portion of the Little Miami Railroad, which he executed to the satisfaction of the Company.

“In 1847 Mr. Creighton commenced his first telegraphic work by supplying the poles between Springfield and Cincinnati for the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville Telegraph line then building under the superintendence of Capt. John O'Reilly. He also provided the poles for the line from Cincinnati to Louisville, Ky.; had them all on the ground ready for the army of constructors who rushed westward at the rate of six to ten miles per day. After this he went to St. Louis and provided the poles for the line north from St. Louis via Alton, Ill.

“In 1848 Mr. Creighton was sent south by Henry O'Reilly to build the part of what was known as the People's Telegraph Line from New Orleans, La., to Aberdeen, Miss. The poles for this work were of red cypress, chiefly obtained from the Red River. In the same year he built the Ohio and Indiana line from Cincinnati to Dayton, and from Lafayette to Evansville. The following lines he built in quick succession:

1849—The Telegraph line from Cincinnati to Sandusky, Ohio.

1850—Rebuilt a large portion of the Pittsburgh and Louisville Telegraph line.

1851—Built the House State Printing Telegraph line (New York to Buffalo) and the lines of the Mississippi Valley Printing Telegraph Company from Buffalo to Louisville, Ky.

1852—Built the lines from Cleveland to Chicago, Ill.

“From that period until 1859 Mr. Creighton became the general agent of the lines then organized as the Western Union Telegraph Company, laying cables across all the principal streams, and generally surveying and pioneering their enterprises.

“In 1859 he was directed to examine the route via Fort Smith toward California, and reported against it. Another route from Memphis, examined by him as far west as Colorado, he also reported adversely. In the winter of 1860, however, he surveyed the route from Omaha to California via Salt Lake, starting from Omaha November 18, 1860, traveling to Placerville and Sacramento on a mule, returning to New York April 12, 1861, with a favorable report of the route.

“The whole scheme of a line of telegraph from ocean to ocean was therefore based on Mr. Creighton's report after a personal inspection, and the expression of his willingness to undertake its construction.

“In 1861 the great Pacific Telegraph line was commenced. It was started on the 4th day of July, and was completed and communication established on the 24th day of October of the same year, a specimen of vigor and rapidity of labor not often surpassed. Of the great work which has ever since been maintained with marvelous constancy and success, the party under Mr. Creighton constructed 700 miles west of Omaha via Julesburg, connecting with a party under W. H. Stebbins who built 400 miles of the line from Salt Lake eastward. The line from San Francisco to Fort Churchill, Nevada, which had already

been built by the California State Telegraph Company, was pushed forward over the 450 intervening miles to Salt Lake City, so that the whole was completed, and the three portions of the great work connected, at the time stated. This enterprise arrested the attention of the whole world and gave immediate form to the movement, now so grandly successful, of connecting the great oceans by rail.

“From this time until February 1, 1867, Mr. Creighton remained upon the lines west of Chicago as Superintendent, when, on their being made a part of the Western Union Telegraph Company’s property, he resigned.

“In 1864 Mr. Creighton built the line from Julesburg to Denver and Central City, Colo. In 1866 he built the line from Denver to Salt Lake City, and in the same year from Salt Lake to Virginia City, Montana, completing it during the following year to Helena, and in 1869 to Fort Benton. In 1869 he built the present new line along the Union Pacific Railroad from North Platte to Monument Point, and for the Western Union Telegraph Company their line from Laramie City to Promontory, both of which were constructed in the strongest and most permanent manner, as became so important an avenue of communication.

“In the work of constructing the 700 miles of telegraph across the plains vast numbers of oxen and wagons were employed, which Mr. Creighton purchased on the completion of his contract. This led him into a vast freighting business for Government and private houses, which proved highly remunerative, and which was carried on from 1861 to the opening of the Pacific Railroad with great success.

“Mr. Creighton’s last important contract was the grading of 40 miles of the Union Pacific Railroad, which he finished with great promptitude and satisfaction to the engineers of that great national work.

X "Since that time Mr. Creighton has established the Omaha National Bank, of which he is the President. He is also Director of the Colorado National Bank at Denver; also of the Rocky Mountain National Bank at Central City. He is also proprietor of a large flour mill in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"In the prosecution of all these important labors Mr. Creighton had, of course, to employ many men, and was fortunate in his selection of those who had chief direction of the various parties who accomplished the mechanical duties assigned them. To provide for these faithful men now became the ruling desire in Mr. Creighton's mind, and in the accomplishment of which he now finds his chief pleasure and satisfaction. He had secured to himself by all these enterprises a large fortune. He now entered into the purchase of cattle, intrusting his former foremen with their care and sale. He has sixteen of these men in charge of 10,000 head of cattle, 6,000 of which are on the plains around Laramie, and 4,000 elsewhere in that region. These men have a half interest in these cattle and receive half of the profits in their sale. They have already driven 2,100 head to San Francisco, selling them at remunerative prices. Some of these men are now worth \$50,000 and are building up a society in that region which will greatly accelerate the development of the country. Mr. Creighton supplies all the capital needed, meets them frequently for consultation, and aids in their projects for means of education and improvement. He thus not only enjoys the acquisition of a large fortune accreted by actual labor, but the satisfaction of seeing those who have toiled for him entering into and enjoying success.

"Mr. Creighton has now on the plains 150 fine horses, and is collecting together a herd of 10,000 sheep to be tended by the same men who shepherd the other cattle, thus making himself the largest cattle dealer in the United States. All this is done without any necessity of his personal labor, and thus, by the judicious and generous care for the future of others, he is constantly adding largely to his own wealth.

“Of course all these labors and successes have brought with them not only wealth, but influence; yet we do not observe, in our frequent contact with the subject of them, any change in manner or any assumed superiority over the days when he bought poles for us in the Muskingum or Miami valleys 20 years ago. Mr. Creighton has learned one grand secret of life, unless his own language greatly deceives us, that true happiness after all is obtained by providing the means of happiness to others. Long may he act upon so fruitful a discovery, and make his own life as well as that of many others perennial in its abundant blossoming, and rich in its accumulating fruit.”

*Taken from the “Journal of the Telegraph” Vol. III, No. 13
New York, June 1, 1870.*

Leaves

Leaves falling, falling, falling
On the wet ground,
Swiftly, and without any last clinging
To the branches;
I stop to listen for the sighing
As when some beauty goes.
There is none, no sighing from the falling leaves.
It must be sweet after rain and sun and wind
To lie in little quiet heaps
On the wet ground.
There is no sighing
From the fallen leaves.

—JOAN FINLEY

THE THISTLE OF LOVE

FAYE GOLDWARE, U. C. 4

DAY after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, the kingdom of Frierenplatz was covered with snow. The snow was not soft and fluffy. It did not look like white, warm feather-down spread lovingly to comfort a freezing world. Frierenplatz seemed rather to be a huge cake, which had been forgotten on the pantry shelf and which was iced with hard, dry, white frosting so stale that it had cracked and become covered with dust.

Huddling together as if to keep warm were the tiny houses of the people of Frierenplatz. On a hill some distance apart stood a large, stone castle, staunchly facing the four winds as the King who dwelt in it faced life's troubles and responsibilities which strove to blow him along with everyone else they swept before them.

But inside the castle all was cosy and glowing. For there in addition to the hearth-fires was the blaze that needs never to be rekindled. Yes, into that place had the sprites dropped nine embers from the fires of love. One burned in the old King, one in the old Queen, one in the Princess Mignon, their beautiful young cousin, and one in each of the six servants. However, as much as the King and Queen loved their household, their cold, dreary kingdom, and their cold, sad people, they loved still more their cold, unfeeling son Boris. Him, it seems, the sprites had overlooked.

It was evening. The two old, royal personages and the beautiful young Mignon were sitting together around the fire. As on every other evening, the Queen embroidered and the King thought (or perhaps dreamed, who knows?), while the Princess Mignon plucked sweet, sadly-joyous music from her harp. Mignon's beauty cannot be told in words, only in her music, for in

the flickering candle-light her face, too, was sadly-joyous: one moment its delicate loveliness was fully revealed, and in the next it was half-hidden by a shadow.

Unexpectedly the door opened, allowing cold air to rush in and tease the flames of the hearth and candles until it was closed out again by Prince Boris, who had entered the royal sitting-room. He immediately stirred up the fire, and the cold air was swallowed by the reawakened blaze. But the warmth of a few minutes ago did not return. It was always like that. Whenever Boris was present, he fed the hearth-flames. Yet others shivered, because he starved their heart's flames. Although the King, the Queen, and the Princess loved Boris even more than they did each other, Boris loved none of them. In all of the world the Prince loved nothing and no one, not even himself.

In silence he warmed himself. The old King changed his position and loudly cleared his throat several times. The old Queen sighed; the needle remained between her fingers but ceased pricking the tapestry which it was adorning. And Mignon's graceful arms dropped from the harp-strings and hid themselves in the folds of her dress. No one spoke. But all three looked at the Prince: the King-father, bewilderedly; the Queen-mother, tenderly; and Mignon, beseechingly. Boris stared at the floor. It was always like that, too.

The royal parents could not understand their son. He seemed to them the offspring of that relentlessly cold nature of their kingdom. Although Boris did not love, he did not hate either, just as in Frierenplatz there was never a blizzard. Sometimes the sky of the dreary land was covered with a darker cloud than usual; and sometimes Boris' face was darkened with a shadow of unrest. But the clouds floated away without ever bursting; and Boris never spoke of his troubling thoughts. Whenever the sun turned its face toward Frierenplatz, the ice and snow refused to be melted, and the sun turned sadly away.

Whenever anyone offered love to Boris, he neither took it nor returned it, and the others sadly departed.

The old King was uneasy when Boris was near. He could not talk with his son, nor could he maintain a happy silence with him. So he always cleared his throat. The Queen, because she could not know her son, had the more tenderness for him.

Mignon had been betrothed to Boris since the time their kingly fathers had pledged their infant children to each other. Not long afterward her father was killed in battle, and her mother mourned herself to death. Since then Mignon had lived in the castle at Frierenplatz, giving the King and the Queen the love which Boris denied them. As the years had passed, she had grown more and more to love the silent, handsome Prince. Now that the time was drawing near for them to succeed to the throne of Frierenplatz, Mignon was tormented by a melancholy thought. She knew that she would always be happy with Boris, but she feared that it would be otherwise with him. Oh, how she wished that he would learn to love her! That is why she looked so beseechingly at him as he stood by the fire.

The uncomfortable silence lasted for several minutes. Boris was having one of his moods of unrest, which had lately become more frequent. Those regarding him yearned to know what was in his mind. He surprised them by speaking of it. "I cannot stay here any longer. There are too many people here. Everywhere that I turn, there is someone looking at me in the same dumb, bestial way that the dogs look at me. I understand neither the people nor the animals. They all molest me." One would have expected the words to have been brightly colored with feeling. But the Prince's mellow voice was a monotone.

"But, son, we all love you," murmured the Queen, her voice breaking. The Prince looked at her uncomprehendingly. The King and Mignon were speechless. Never before had Boris revealed whether or not he liked his surroundings. Though his present dislike was not very strong, it was distressing to the

royal family. Boris said no more, except to bid his parents a formal good-night. He nodded to Mignon and went out.

The Queen took up her embroidery. Her tears spotted it more quickly than her thread colored it. The King looked sadder than he possibly could look if he were crying. Mignon knew that they were as sorry for her as they were for themselves. She pushed aside the harp, and, approaching the old couple, clasped a withered hand of each and said softly, hopefully, "Perhaps it is for the best." After kissing each tenderly, she took a candle and went to her own room.

There she sat until the black, moonless night faded into gray dawn. All night long she thought about her betrothed, about his loneliness and unhappiness. Finally she began to cry and asked herself in a frantic whisper, "Why must I be separated from my poor, dear Boris?"

"Who said you must?" asked a pert, little voice. At first, Mignon could not see where the speaker was. The room was dark, except for a small circle of light which was made on the table by the glow of the candle. There next to the candlestick-holder she saw a tiny ball of yellow fur. It was no larger than a cherry pit. It seemed to move as she heard the same, pert voice saying, "Hey, Minnie! Here I am!" Mignon bent over the table to look more carefully at the ball of fur. When she was quite close, it suddenly bounced up. She heard the strange, little voice yell; and when the bit of fur was on the table again, it was no longer a ball. It seemed to have two tiny legs and two wee, swinging arms. It spun around. Mignon saw that it was a tiny man bundled up in a tiny fur coat. He frowned at her and shook himself at the same time. "You don't have to drown me, do you, silly?" Mignon saw that two of her tears had rolled down her cheeks when she bent over the table and had almost drenched the little man.

"Well, quit staring at me, and put me on your shoulder, so that I don't have to shout so. If I didn't have on this clumsy

coat, I'd walk up there myself. But in this sun-forsaken country I'd have frozen to death long ago without it. Hurry up!"

"Yes, sir," said Mignon. She was a bit frightened. But, considering that she could crush him with her fingers, that was foolish. She picked him up very carefully, cupping her hand. Waddling like a miniature duckling, he walked around in her palm. Then his tiny, pink face flushed with a delighted smile. "I like it here," he said. "Your palm is softer than that bony shoulder of yours, I dare say. Just bring me up a bit closer, and I'll stay here." He stood in the middle of her palm, with his feet apart, his hands in his pockets, and his braided cat-whisker cap bobbing up and down. His coat was very beautiful, being made of a choice caterpillar skin. Suddenly, his needle-point eyes widened, and his face became puckered. He threw back his head and sneezed heartily three times. "I've caught cold from that salt water shower you gave me! That's what I get for trying to help you! A woman just can't be trusted!" he scolded.

"I'm very, very sorry," answered Mignon, looking as if she were going to cry again.

"He, he, he! Never mind, Minnie, I was only teasing you. He, he, he!" laughed the tiny man. Then, throwing out his wee chest and tipping up his head, he demanded, "Do you know who I am?"

Mignon shook her head.

"I am Sapiens, your Liliputian godfather. I have been taking care of you ever since you were born. I am with you at all times. Now—"

"Thank you, sir."

"Don't interrupt! As I was saying, now I'm going to make it possible for you to be with your Boris at all times. But—"

"Oh!"

"Quiet! But you have to make me a promise: that you'll make Borry love you."

"I cannot promise that! O, dear, little Sapiens, please do not make me promise that! I have tried for so long to make him love me; and I have failed." Mignon was very much upset.

Sapiens chuckled. "This time you can't fail. You see, Minnie, Borry's heart is beginning to wake up. It's beginning to kick." Mignon's eyebrows drew together, showing that she did not understand what Sapiens meant. He explained, "Well, dummy, didn't he kick about the way you folks look at him? He, he, he! Seriously, though, Minnie, his kicking was a sign for you to help him, for you and no one else."

"For me? O, Sapiens! How?"

"Now do be careful, Minnie! You'll be the death of me yet!" Sapiens had lost his dignified pose and was rolling around in Mignon's hand, which was shaking with excitement. She could not control it, and the little man could not get back onto his feet. He screamed, "Put me down on the table!" Mignon obeyed. Sapiens shook his head reproachfully, saying in his piping voice, "Woman! Woman!" After a minute's quiet, he commanded, "Minnie, sit down on the table; and close your eyes." She did so with a bit of hesitation. "And keep your eyes *shut*," he added authoritatively.

He did not speak again for several minutes, during which time Mignon heard small, scraping noises. She did not open her eyes, even though she was becoming very curious. But they almost opened by themselves; when she heard Sapiens' pert, little voice begin to chant:

"Eins, zwei, drei.

Do it in the blink of an eye.

I make the brew;

The rest you do.

Eins, zwei, drei."

He started to repeat the chant, but interrupted himself to warn his godchild, "Don't you dare open your eyes now!" That

was too much for Mignon's curiosity. Her lids parted just enough so that she could peek through her eyelashes. She saw that Sapiens had fixed her thimble, which was bigger than he was, like a pot over the candle flame. As he recited "Eins, zwei, drei," he danced around the rim of the candlestick-holder. He looked so funny waddling and bouncing in his caterpillar coat, that Mignon giggled. He stopped and declared sorrowfully, "Minnie, you are the death of me." Then he continued dancing and chanting:

*"Eins, zwei, drei.
Do it in the blink of an eye.
I took a chance;
She saw the dance.
But I'd rather do and die."*

Finally the brew was brewed and the dance danced. He told her to drink from the thimble. She did and blinked her eyes. When they opened again, she did not at first know where she was. She stood on a vast, brown floor, empty but for a huge, silver statue. Next to her stood a man who was somewhat taller than she and who wore a beautiful, yellow fur coat. He smiled at her sweetly and sadly. "O, Minnie, Minnie, you make a lovely Liliputian," he said. Then she knew. She was standing on the table, which seemed so large because she was now so small, smaller than a cherry pit. She looked down at her clothes. She had on a fluffy, white coat of pussy-willow fur, white flea-skin shoes and gloves, and a tiny, braided cat-whisker hat.

As she started to exclaim over her pretty outfit, Sapiens quieted her. "I'm glad you like it, Minnie. But we can't waste time now, for I am soon to die. Our Liliputian king has commanded that no human being ever see our magic dance. Whichever of us breaks that rule, dies. O, never mind. I'm rather glad, except that I shall miss you. Now, do stop crying, for you must listen carefully. I was telling you that Borry has given you a sign that he needs help. That is not the only one, however. Look outside. See how the snow is falling quickly and

heavily. Do you remember that yesterday the sky was hidden by dark clouds? You thought that they would float away as usual without bursting, just as you thought last night that Borry wouldn't tell what was troubling him. But when he spoke, the clouds burst. There is going to be a blizzard this morning. That is the other sign. It means that something great is going to happen. And you, little Minnie, are going to make it come about. You will understand all by noon today.

"Meanwhile you are to do exactly what I say. Borry is going to leave the castle this morning and go to the hut in the forest. You are going with him." Sapiens paused. His voice had been growing weaker. He began feebly the magic, hopping dance, chanting:

*"Eins, zwei, drei.
Do it in the blink of an eye.
When I whistle,
Send the Thistle.
Eins, zwei, drei."*

Having said the charm three times, he turned toward the window and whistled. A snow-flake, larger than the others, seemed to sail right through the glass. It floated toward the two Liliputians and landed on the table. Mignon saw that it was not a snow-flake at all, but a thistle. Sapiens went on with his directions. "This is the Thistle of Love. In it you will be able to float through the air unseen among the snow-flakes. Don't leave Borry for a second during the next few hours, and don't step out of the Thistle. Sit there and think of how much you love your betrothed. Every time that he will meet anyone the Thistle will bump into him and prick him. When that happens, you are to whisper, 'Boris, it is love.' Now hurry and get into the heart of the Thistle. You will be warmed there by the breath of pure love. You must leave at once, for it is broad day. Do just as I have said. Remember to whisper, 'Boris, it is love.' Good-bye, Minnie child. Good---bye."

"Borris, it is love," whispered Mignon as Sapiens used what was left of his Liliputian strength to push off the Thistle. He stood for a moment and watched Mignon sail away. As she floated through the window-panes, Sapiens fell dead on the table like a tiny ball of yellow fur. And Mignon whispered, "It is love."

The Thistle of Love floated in the snowy air, just another snowflake but larger than the others. Mignon enjoyed sailing in the Thistle. The snow-flakes passed her on all sides like tumbling walls of diamonds. She looked down and saw a gigantic, black object moving along the ground. Nearing it, she found it was Boris making his way to the forest hut. Staying above his head, she floated along with him. Without having to remind herself of her godfather's words, she thought of her love for the Prince. Suddenly, another dark form ran up to Boris. It was Cedric, the old servant. Boris stopped, and the Thistle of Love hovered over his head. "Please, your Majesty," began Cedric, "do not be angry. I cannot let you go alone. I must accompany you and take care of your wants." Before Boris could answer, the Thistle descended and pricked him behind the ear.

"Boris, it is love," whispered Mignon. "It is love."

Boris stared at old Cedric. The Thistle pricked him again. He felt a pain, a sweet, happy ache which made his heart beat faster. He heard Mignon's whisper. But he saw only snow-flakes. Again he felt the prick and the sweet pain. "It is love, Boris. Love!"

And the Prince smiled at old Cedric. "I am glad you have come, old friend. Thank you," he said feelingly and patted the old servant's shoulder.

They walked on together. Mignon floated above them, happy, excited, and warmed by the breath of pure love. In order to reach the forest, they had to pass some of the people's huts. Out of the first one ran a little child, protected from the cold with rags. She knelt in the snow before the prince. Her child's voice was shrilly sad when she said, "Mamma asks, beloved Prince, that you come and warm yourself by our fire."

The Thistle pricked and Boris felt the current of emotion flow through his whole being. "Boris, it is love," came Mignon's gentle voice.

The prince's eyes glowed as he stooped in the snow and lifted the shivering child. "Come, we will run to the fire together," he said merrily. And he ran, shielding the little girl with his great coat. Cedric ran after him. The happy laughter of all three bounded among the drifting snow-flakes. Tiny Mignon, in the heart of the Thistle of Love, cried silent tears of joy.

All morning the prince encountered his sad people. The Thistle pricked, Mignon whispered, and Boris laughed. He kissed babies, hugged children, and cheered grown-ups. Behind him in every hut he left smiles and the glow of love. He never arrived at his destination, the desolate, forest cottage, for toward noon Cedric, with the unknown aid of the Thistle and Mignon, persuaded him to return to the royal castle.

Meanwhile the castle had taken on an air of mourning. Although the old, royal couple had known that Boris was going to leave, they had hoped vainly that he would not. When they could find no trace of Mignon, they were convinced that only evil could have carried her off. Hence, they were not at all prepared to see the prince when he returned a little before noon. Least of all did they expect to see him smiling, twinkling with the joy of life. When they saw him framed in the door of the royal drawing-room, they cried in unison, "Boris, my beloved son!"

He stood there and continued smiling at the two, wrinkled, beaming countenances. The Thistle pricked him ever so lightly; Mignon whispered ever so sweetly, "It is love, dear Boris"; and Boris echoed ever so ardently, "Yes! It is love! Dear, dear father and mother!" He rushed toward them, and all three clung together in a long embrace.

The clock struck twelve before they released each other. Therefore, none of them saw the Thistle of Love alight on the

floor. None of them saw the Liliputian Mignon step out and immediately grow to her natural, beautiful size. That was as it should have been, for such magic is not for the human eye. The princess stood quietly, waiting for her presence to become known. It was not long before the old King and Queen cried out their welcome to her. Boris gazed at her, not coldly nor smilingly but adoringly. The Thistle bumped against his cheek as it was wafted back to the realm of the Liliputians. But Boris needed no whisper to tell him what was love. He took her hand tenderly and was about to draw her to him, when a cry of surprise came from the old King's lips. All eyes followed his pointing finger to the window, which had opened of itself.

Outside the dazzling snow-flakes had turned to soft, fragrant cherry blossoms. Where the snow had lain on the ground, there was spread a plush covering of green grass, dotted here and there with colorful wild flowers. The leaves of the once bare trees swung gaily in the gentle wind. And over all of the spring glory fell the warm, caressing rays of the smiling sun. All of the people had gathered beneath the castle's window. A young shepherd addressed them: "Frierenplatz is no longer a fitting name for our land. What shall we call it?" A joyous shout replied: "Frühlingplatz!"

As she looked out of the window, Mignon noticed something moving on the window-sill. It was a yellow, furry caterpillar. She wished to go nearer it, but the prince still clasped her hand. The caterpillar raised its head, and Mignon thought it smiled. Then she heard the familiar, pert voice of Sapiens:

Eins, zwei, drei."
Do it in the blink of an eye.
I mean just this:
To seal love, kiss—
Eins, zwei, drei.

Trimming the Christmas Tree

"Except ye become as little children—"

Candle and tinsel and foolish toy,
Streamers of silver and gold—
And grown-up women and men are back
To the care-free days of old.

Deep in the breast of the grown-up man
Is the heart of a heedless boy,
As he twines a garland or fashions a wreath,
Or plays with a foolish toy.

Oh, grown-up man, have you quite forgot
The world and its work-to-do?
—If so, the choir of Bethlehem
Will come and sing to you.

In the foolish toy you will find a thing
More rare than jewels are,
And you'll see in the tiny candle's flame
What the Wise Men saw in the Star.

Candle and tinsel and foolish toy—
Grown-up women and men—
A Child is born, and His gift to you
Is the heart of a child again.

—JEAN LESTER

SANDBURG'S AMERICA IN "THE PEOPLE, YES"

MARGARET RAU MCGUIRE, U. C. SPECIAL

NUMBERED like prisoners Carl Sandburg's new poems are confined between the board covers of his most recent book, *The People, Yes*. His title, smacking of homely talk, is typical of his kind of verse—a verse of the Middle West. He makes voluble a West proud of its industrialism, its stock-yards, its farms, its strong curses, its pathos, and its acceptance. It is a book which scrutinizes and reflects the dramatic background of the American people.

Sandburg loves men. He loves men who have faced the alternatives of life and death in the support of a great cause. These men breathe their vitality through Sandburg. His works have issued from the hard wrought experiences of the people. He has worked side by side with the common man in the wheat fields, in the mines, in road gangs, and in the army. All of them have unknowingly contributed to his great knowledge of mankind.

Sandburg is a realist. He is a poet with his feet on the ground. He has had to be a realist primarily because he had to eat.

Even though the dominant spirit of *The People, Yes* is realistic, it has its constant flashes of tenderness and wistfulness, often spiritual sunlight and reverence. An Arizona child says:

“Yes, I’ve been in the east,
the east is where the trees come
between you and the sky.”

Exalted thought and fine poetic images are set beside news-flashes and the language of the street loafer.

Man is born with rainbows in his heart and you'll never read him unless you consider rainbows. He is a trouble shooter with big promises. He trades the Oklahoma roan mustang for a tub in the sky with wings falling falling in Alaska. Hard as a rock his head is a rock and ponders ponders. He is a phantasmagoria of crimson dawns and what it takes to build his dreams.

He protests vehemently against materialism, while he maintains the exigency and the integrity of the materialist. He accepts the machine age, but wants the machine kept in its place. He deplores the blindness of men who choose to ignore the spiritual. I am sure that he is sincere in this. There are occasions when he is intense about it.

Again, his preoccupation with death is interesting. He is not frightened by death. He is now curious, now awed by the thought that God has given us "the earth as a tomb of rest and a cradle of hope."

Accepting the world as it is, he finds in his people with their realizable ideas and ideals a spirit and a purpose which he interprets with common sense, common honesty, and at times great understanding.

Sandburg's love of nature is very apparent in one poem which I especially liked, number 93. It is as simple as a botanical print and as colorful as an old fashioned garden. His enjoyment of wild life is evident in such phrases as "how the wild ducks of autumn come flying in a shifting, overhead scroll."

This prairie poet has a great aptitude for coining unusual words and for creating combinations of words never before assembled. "Sleep is a suspension midway and a conundrum of shadows lost in the meadow of the moon." And again:

The bottom of the sea accommodates mountain ranges.

This is how deep the sea is

And the toss and drip of the mystery of the people
And the sting of sea-drip.
In the long catacombs of moss fish linger and move
Hearing the cries of dolphins while they too wander.
This is the depot of lost and unreclaimed baggage,
Colosseums of dead men's bones and the trunks of the
dead men each with a lock of hair, a ringlet of some-
body's hair in a locket, and a pack of love letters
and a deck of cards and a testament and leather
straps and brass buckles and brass locks holding
their fasteners on the trunks.

Sandburg has a nice faculty for creating a natural beauty
with homely words.

The oatstraw green turns gold turns ashes and prepares for
snow.

The earth and the grass hold grand international confabulations
with the sun.

Along the Arkansas or the Po grass testifies to loam of earth
alive yet.

The rivers of the earth run into the sea, return in fog and rain
alive yet.

The Illinois corn leaves spoken to in high winds run in sea waves
of sun silver.

Alive yet the spillover of last night's moonrise brought returns
of peculiar cash—a cash of thin air alive yet.

There is a note of fatalism in this collection of Sandburg's
verses which recurs insistently.

And in the air a decree life is a gamble; take a
chance; you pick a number and see what you get;
anything can happen in this sweepstakes: around
the corner may be prosperity or the worst de-
pression yet: who knows? Nobody: you pick a
number, you draw a card, you shoot the bones.

There is a scattered humor in the book, sometimes grim, sometimes delicious. There are stories and "gags" our fathers laughed at, but "the people" laugh at them today.

They were ninety years old and of their seventeen children had just buried the firstborn son who died seventy-two years of age. "I told you" said the old man as he and his hillborn wife sat on the cabin steps in the evening sunset, "I told you long ago we would never raise that boy."

Sandburg also has a great understanding of the bolshevist in everyone. He knows how easily a mob may be swayed toward violence because of a real or fancied grievance.

Whatever the wild kids want to do they'll do
And whatever gives them ideas, faiths, slogans,
Whoever touches the bottom flares of them,
Connects with something prouder than all deaths
For they can live on hard corn and like it.
They are the original sons of the wild jackass.
Crowned and clothed with what the Unknown Soldier had
If he went to his fate in a pride over all deaths.
Give them a cause and they are living dynamite.
They are the game fighters who will die fighting.

When Sandburg says, "Have you noticed that painted flowers give no smell?" and "The sea only knows the bottom of ships," he utters obvious but previously unwritten truths. There are times when he is obscure. I can find a good excuse for him in this. He is endeavoring to draw a picture of the people for their own enjoyment or embarrassment. People do utter inanities and ambiguities. He tries to show us what we are.

What do you see out of the window?

The people.

And what do you see in the mirror?

Myself.

Yet the glass in the mirror is the same only it is silvered.

Often he is a curious reporter of the day's news, but always with an eye to the symbolic and the ideal.

What of the Athenian last year on whose bosom
a committee hung a medal to say to the world
here is a champion heavy-weight poet?
He stood on a two-masted schooner
and flung his medal far out on the sea bosom.
“And why not?
Has anybody ever given the ocean a medal?
Who of the poets equals the music of the sea?
And where is the symbol of the people unless it
is the sea?”

Sandburg has an intense hatred of war and its attendant atrocities. He seems to reserve his bitterest invectives and his most withering sarcasm for statesmen and diplomats who are responsible for wars. The theme returns again and again. And it is the voice of “the people.”

What is history but a few big names plus People?
What is a big name unless the people love it or hate it
For what it did to them or for them while it was in the going?
And this big name means pretense and plunder, ashes and dung,
While another is armfuls of roses, enshrined beyond speech.

One is reminded of Robert Frost in the compressed story of the farm woman whose two babies had died at birth. No more children were born to her. All her life she had wanted children—babies she could love and mother. At “mid-eighty” she lay dying.

In the last hours when her mind wandered, she cried imperiously, “My baby! Give me my baby!”

And the cries for this child, born of her mind in her final moments of life, went on and on.

When they answered, "Your baby isn't here" or "Your baby is coming soon if you wait," she kept on with her cry, "My baby! Let me hold my baby!"

And they made a rag doll

And laid it in her arms

And she clutched it as a mother would.

And she was satisfied and her second childhood ended like her first, with a doll in her arms.

Frost is again brought to mind in, "In Vermont a shut-mouthed husband finally broke forth to his wife, 'When I think of how much you have meant to me all these years, it is almost more than I can do sometimes to keep from telling you so'."

There are notes of futility and frustration, as there are in the daily talk of "the people." Back of them we often find a touch of cynicism or tolerant humor.

"Time is blind; Man stupid."

Thus one of the cynics,

"Time is relentless, man shrewd."

Thus one of the hopefuls.

Time passes on; man laughs at it,

The sun-dial was one laugh,

The wrist-watch is another.

"Time? I can't stop it but I can measure it."

Carl Sandburg runs the gamut of emotional realism. Perhaps he has stirred the volcano of the great Middle West. The agility with which he leaps from irony to humor, from hope to despair, from beauty to sordidness is most amazing. *The People*, *Yes* becomes a chant; it grows louder and fuller as one goes along with him. His conception of people is unusual. He looks at them from singular angles, angles as strange as the new style of photography. One can achieve astonishing results by "shoot-ing" from heights or depths. To photograph a person from a different level may give a much more striking reproduction of

his features, and by "shooting" from unusual positions one frequently catches the play of fantastic fleeting shadows. Carl Sandburg may have found the secret to that motivating power which makes "man the stumbler and finder go on, man the dreamer of deep dreams, man the shaper and the maker, man the answerer."

One might say that at times Sandburg is incoherent. This almost smacks of Gertrude Stein, "When hush money is paid to whom does it go and by whom is it paid and why should there be a hush?" There is also much of the animal, together with some inexcusable coarseness and brutality.

I do feel that his great susceptibility to acute situations, his profound understanding of us all, his keen sensibility, the projection of self into his verses, and his perception counteract any or all of his faults. I like Carl Sandburg because he is "of the people, by the people, and for the people." "Because of this he is in turn virile, vulgar, vibrant, and valiant."

The theme of his latest volume is wonder and tenderness—and faith in "the people":

The people, yes—

Born with bones and hearts fused in deep and violent secrets
Mixed from a bowl of sky blue dreams and sea slime facts,
A seething of saints and sinners, toilers, loafers, oxen, apes
In a womb of superstition, faith, genius, crime, sacrifice
The one and only source of armies, navies, work-gangs,
The living, flowing breath of the history of nations,
Of the little Family Man hugging the little ball of Earth,
And a long hall of mirrors, straight, convex, and concave,
Moving and endless with scrolls of the living,
Shimmering with phantoms flung from the past,
Shot over with lights of babies to come, not yet here.

I think too that his verse will have a long and an interesting life. He quotes a California novelist, "In the last analysis the

people are always right—a literature which cannot be vulgarized is not literature at all and will perish.”

He may set us pondering on the definitions of poetry; we may find much to irritate us in the way he jumps about in his attempt to cover all the people all the time. But we must recognize in Sandburg's new book a sincere attempt to help each half to know how the other half lives.

In the darkness with a great bundle of grief the people
march.

In the night, and overhead a shovel of stars for keeps, the
people march:

“Where to? what next?”

Kneeling at Evening

The church is dim.
Through the stained-glass window above my head
Steal the late rays to paint with amber, blue and red
The pathway to the King of Kings.
Then, braver grown, they creep along
In the hush of oncoming night
Up to the throne where the King Himself
Dwells in His mystic might.
And there, content, they breathe their last
And cease with the dying day.
On the heart of the Giver of Life and Light
They die away.

—GERTRUDE MARTIN

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF FAMILY

A One-Act Christmas Play

JERRY GILL, JOURNALISM 3

Characters in the Play

Mrs. Noel: The owner of an exclusive hat shop, hardboiled, harsh and cynical, but in reality very kind hearted.

David Costello: The bookkeeper in the hat shop; thirty years old; well educated, calm, but evidently a little sour on life.

Lydia Benet: The cutter in the hat shop; cultured and just a little fed up on life.

Jimmie: An orphan boy who has run away from an orphanage. He has had a very bad environment.

The Thug.

The Three Policemen.

TIME: *Ten o'clock on Christmas morning in a large city.*

THE PLACE: *The large front room of the exclusive hat shop is luxuriously appointed. The windows, filled with hats of every description, are hung with heavy curtains. Thick rugs cover the floor. The furniture is over-stuffed. About the room are various open cabinets filled with hats. On the right and back is a door that leads into an inner room. As the play opens, Christmas music is being played off-stage. The interior of the shop is very quiet. Mrs. Noel is seated at a writing desk. She raises her head at the sound of a key being turned in the lock of the door accompanied by a brisk, masculine whistle. The door opens.*

Mrs. Noel: Well! What do you want here on Christmas day?

David: (*Confused and surprised, abruptly stops whistling*) Why . . . you see there is some work I wanted to finish up.

Mrs. Noel: Umph . . . Funny you'd want to work on Christmas. I thought everybody would be home with their family.

David: As a matter of fact, I have no family.

Mrs. Noel: Umph . . . so that's it.

David: May I go ahead with my work or will I disturb you?

Mrs. Noel: Good Heavens, no! You won't bother me at all. Go ahead and work . . . if that's what you really want to do.

David: (*Ignores the implications in her words*) Thank you.

Mrs. Noel: Can't understand your not having a family! You're old enough to have a wife and a couple of youngsters.

David: As I understand it, age has nothing to do with it. I am old enough, but I simply don't have them.

Mrs. Noel: Well, why not?

David: That calls for a life history, and I'd hate to burden you with it, even though you might be kind enough to listen. Especially since it's Christmas morning and you must be making many delightful plans.

Mrs. Noel: There are no delightful plans in my anticipation this year. If I visit my nieces on Christmas, they only tolerate me because I bring them gifts.

David: That's too bad.

Mrs. Noel: If I visit my sister she has too many noisy, ill-mannered brats and a pompous ass of a husband.

David: Then you haven't a family either.

Mrs. Noel: Correct. But it's of my own choosing. Like my sister I also married, but I got out and decided to take care of myself and enjoy the miseries of life alone.

David: I'm sorry, Mrs. Noel. You don't seem a bit happy.

Mrs. Noel: Oh, I'm not unhappy, I guess. Anyway what is happiness?

David: That is a question which can only be considered relatively.

Mrs. Noel: Leave out the relatives. Mine mean nothing but trouble. But you, David . . . handsome, clever, well-mannered, perfect poise . . . but no wife, no children!

David: Well, from your point of view I should be happy. There are no relatives who expect anything of me. Consequently I haven't a plaguing invitation to visit anyone.

Mrs. Noel: So you've come down here to make yourself believe that you have important work to do.

David: No, it isn't that at all. I bring my work to the desk here and go over it leisurely and watch the passersby. Come, let me show you. (*Both go to the window and look out.*)

Mrs. Noel: It is a good view of the street, isn't it?

David: And such a busy, public street. It's fun to study the faces and actions of the people.

Mrs. Noel: Umph . . . so this is how you spend Christmas day. How many of them have you spent here?

David: Well . . . only three. I've only been working here four years, and I didn't chance upon the idea until after the first Christmas.

Mrs. Noel: I see. You must be pretty lonely. I can't understand why you are not married.

David: (*Begins to speak but the sound of a key being inserted in the lock is heard*) Really I . . . hello! What's this? Someone's coming in here.

Mrs. Noel: Another benighted soul without benefit of family, I suppose.

David: Why it's Miss Benet.

Lydia: (*Surprised, gasps*) Oh! . . . I . . .

Mrs. Noel: Come on in. Don't stand there as though you were looking at a couple of ghosts.

Lydia: I . . . I beg your pardon. I didn't expect to find anyone else here today.

Mrs. Noel: What are you here for? To do some work? (*with a touch of sarcasm.*)

Lydia: Why . . . yes . . . I came down to finish the brim on Mrs. Van Vechten's new fur felt.

Mrs. Noel: Humph . . . trying to make yourself believe you've important work to do.

Lydia: Not at all. I . . .

Mrs. Noel: It's very apparent. You see, I decided to spend some time here to use up what would ordinarily be a very dull day. Christmas alone is jittery at best, what with practically every other human being at home with their family. But David also decided to come down to the store, and now I find he has spent a number of Christmases looking out of my windows.

Lydia: I see. Well . . . I was lonesome. I have no relatives unless you would count my great uncle in Texas. I don't suppose he knows I exist; and if he did, he wouldn't care.

Mrs. Noel: We might as well sit down and be as cozy as possible. Pull up a chair both of you in front of the window. (*All three take chairs and draw them close together and nearer the window.*)

Lydia: This is much nicer than I expected.

Mrs. Noel: Well Lydia what's your story. You're lovely to look at and you seem to have an appeal, doesn't she, David?

David: (*With a start*) Really, Mrs. Noel, you're so disconcerting.

Mrs. Noel: (*Ignores his embarrassment*) And yet you come sulking down to the store on Christmas day to work; as though that weren't merely an excuse to get away from your loneliness.

Lydia: You are painfully frank, but I hate true confessions. As a matter of fact, I have friends with whom I could spend the day, but I am more or less fed up. I didn't want to be at home in case they decided to come after me.

David: (*Suddenly with excitement*) Look at that child at the window!

Lydia: He's peering in as though he wanted to come in here.

Mrs. Noel: He looks hungry and cold . . . oh, he's going to faint!

David: (*Dashes out and in a moment comes back with the child in his arms. Lydia and Mrs. Noel gather 'round them.*)

Poor kid. He's light as a feather . . . probably starved.
(*Lays him down on a divan.*)

Lydia: His clothes are frozen stiff.

Mrs. Noel: David, get my woolen shawl from the back room.

Lydia: What he needs is some warm milk or hot broth.

David: Here's the shawl. (*Mrs. Noel takes the shawl and bundles the boy in it.*)

Lydia: Let's lift the divan nearer the radiator.

Mrs. Noel: He's coming to. He's opening his eyes.

David: (*Rubbing the boy's hands*) Hello there old fellow. How are you feeling now?

Jimmie: (*Very weakly*) It's warm here.

Lydia: (*Mothering him*) Are you feeling better? What's your name?

Jimmie: Jimmie. What's yours?

Mrs. Noel: I've got some bouillon cubes in the back. (*She hurries out.*)

Lydia: Where do you belong, Jimmie? Aren't you lost?

Jimmie: No. I ain't lost. (*In a whisper*) I runned away. But don't tell nobody.

David: No, we won't tell. Why did you run away from home on Christmas day?

Jimmie: I didn't run away from home. I ain't got no home. I runned away from the orphanage. And I ain't going back neither.

Lydia: Why not?

Jimmie: I couldn't now. They'd lick me.

David: But why did you run away?

Jimmie: I thought maybe I could find some folks. Lots of the kids have folks come and get 'em on Christmas.

Mrs. Noel: (*Coming up from the back room with a steaming bowl.*) Don't talk now, Jimmie. Drink this hot broth; it's good.

Jimmie: (*Noisily and greedily gulping the soup.*) Gosh, this is swell. Better'n what cha get at the orphanage.

David: His clothes are rags, and he's dirtier than sin.

Lydia: I'm going to clean him up.

Mrs. Noel: I'm going to help.

David: When you finish, what are you going to put on him?
These things!

Mrs. Noel: Certainly. They'll do until we can get him something better.

David: Hurry along with him. I'll wait here.

(Lydia, Jimmie and Mrs. Noel go into the back room. David begins to whistle. After a moment a scraping sound at the front door interrupts him.)

David: Hello! What's this? Another benighted soul? Why it's a burglar.

Thug: (*Flings door open*) Stick 'em up, buddy; get over there against the wall. Gwan!

David: You can't get away with this. The street is too public.

Thug: Not on Christmas. The watchman's got the day off. I'm smart, I am. I planned this.

David: Very clever. Naturally you didn't expect to find me here.

Thug: Naw, but that don't make no difference to me. I can take care of you. Where's the safe?

David: But if I told you where the safe is you wouldn't have the pleasure of finding it for yourself. Besides you're smart; it shouldn't take you long.

Thug: Quit the funny stuff. Where is it?

Mrs. Noel: (*As David begins to speak she enters the room and his voice is drowned out by her scream.*) A burglar! My God!

Thug: Another one, huh? Back against the wall with ya, or I'll plug ya. G'wan get back agin the wall next to him. Are there any more back there?

David: (*Calmly*) Why don't you look and see?

Thug: Wise guy, huh? And give you a chance to get away for the police. Hurry up—where's the safe?

David: I still won't tell.

Thug: You'll talk soon enough . . .

(There is a groan of premonition from Mrs. Noel.)

David: But I insist the publicity of this street is distinctly against you. *(The door to the street is slowly opened. A patrolman enters noiselessly.)*

Patrolman: I've got you covered, buddy. Drop your gun. Don't move.

David: Nice work, officer.

Thug: Tink you're smart sneaking up on a guy. *(The sound of a siren is heard; beginning in the distance, it becomes louder, then dies down in front of the shop.)*

Patrolman: What . . . somebody's called the wagon. *(Two other policemen rush through the door.)* Well, glad to see you, boys. All you have to do is take him with you.

Officer: O. K. buddy, let's go.

Thug: *(Muttering)* Tink you're smart.

(The thug and the two officers go out the door and pull away in the car. The first policeman remains.)

Patrolman: Say, didn't happen to see a small, raggedy kid pass by did you?

Lydia: *(While the excitement was going on she has silently appeared in the background. Now she speaks up hastily.)*
No we haven't . . . have we?

Mrs. Noel: No, I don't remember anyone like that going by the place.

David: We've all been quite busy, officer, and I know we haven't seen a stray lad pass by the window.

Patrolman: Just asked in case you had. Well, thanks anyway.

David: Thank you. You happened in just in time.

Patrolman: Funny thing . . . I was looking for an orphan kid and I saw people in here. From the street it's pretty hard to tell what's going on inside, but I thought I'd stop and ask you, and I seen it was a stick-up. Funny thing though how that wagon got here.

THE CREIGHTON QUARTERLY

Lydia: I called them. When I heard Mrs. Noel's scream, I saw the burglar, and so I called the police.

Patrolman: So that's it . . . well, guess I better be gittin' on. Goin' home for Christmas dinner . . . well, merry Christmas!

Mrs. Noel, Lydia and David: (*In a chorus*) Merry Christmas to you.

David: (*After the door closes*) Why did you lie about Jimmie?

Lydia: (*Sharply and defensively*) We didn't lie. He didn't pass by the store.

David: But the police are looking for him. You can't keep him indefinitely.

Lydia: The police are looking for a ragged, runaway orphan and Jimmie won't be that after we buy him some new clothes and . . .

Mrs. Noel: Besides the police won't look for Jimmie in my house.

David: Your house!

Mrs. Noel: Yes, my house. You're all coming home with me to dinner. After we go out and buy some turkey and stuff . . .

David: And a tree and some electric light gadgets . . .

Lydia: And some toys and gifts and things . . .

David: (*Suddenly*) But where did you hide Jimmie?

Lydia: Ye gods! In a closet with a fresh bowl of bouillon—and I locked the door.

Jimmie: (*In muffled, distant tones.*) Lydia, Lydia!

Lydia: (*Running toward the back of the shop*) I'm coming Jimmie.

Mrs. Noel: How about turkey and stuffing and cranberries . . .

David: I wonder if he'd like an electric train . . .

Mrs. Noel: Mince pie, coffee, hot rolls, buttered squash . . .

David: Ice skates, sweater, mittens, story books . . .

Jimmie: (*Lydia and Jimmie approach*) Did you ditch the cops, Lydia? Were they sore? Gee, Lydia, please don't let those cops get me, will you? Let me stay with you. Lydia, can't I stay?

Lydia: Of course Jimmie—

Mrs. Noel: My car is parked out in front. Get your coats on, we'll leave right now.

Lydia: Yes, we'd better hurry before they come back looking for Jimmie.

David: What stumps me is the strange sentimental spirit that pervades the three of us of a sudden, all because of this little chap . . .

Mrs. Noel: This is going to be the first real Christmas I've had in several years.

Lydia: Me too.

Jimmie: Gee! I ain't never had a real Christmas. You know why, Lydia? 'Cause I never had any mother.

Lydia: Maybe you'll get one this Christmas.

Jimmie: Gee . . . if I only could.

David: Hey, where do I fit in?

Lydia: Never mind, Mr. Costello, I'll worry about Jimmie's future.

David: No you don't . . . not unless you let me help you . . .

Mrs. Noel: For Heavens sake will the two of you stop mooning at each other over Jimmie's head and come along?

Lydia: We're coming right now.

Jimmie: I get to sit by Lydia . . .

David: So do I, old man.

(*They all file out the door laughing as the curtain falls.*)

NOT BEAUTIFUL AT ALL

JOAN FINLEY, U. C. 3

THEY were a strange combination, those two. During the four years they were in college together, no one ever quite understood just why they were friends. They probably didn't even know themselves, because they never stopped to think of things like that. Something everyone did know though was that it was one of those very rare companionships between girls in which there was a fineness and reserve, a kind of strength you could lean on. It was what friendship is supposed always to be and seldom is, and it was between a girl from Lost Prairie somewhere in the West, who had an extraordinary, pathetic beauty often seen in poor girls, and Mary Lambert, of the Boston and Southampton Lamberts, who wasn't beautiful at all, but who had that kind of personality which leaves you wondering years later why you hadn't appreciated her before.

They first met on a flight of stairs, and introduced themselves.

"Oh, hello, I'm Carol—Carol Day—and would you tell me where I can find room 803?"

"It's the first turn to the right, two flights up, and I'm Mary Lambert."

In just such an ordinary way was it to begin. One thought, "Such a pretty girl to be wearing the wrong kind of shoes. A bachelor uncle is probably sending her to school . . . and oh, if I only looked like that!" And in the other mind: "Her clothes must have cost a lot. She has the assurance that comes from spending summers at Cape Cod and Easter in Burmuda . . . but she's never had a good time."

All the while they were chatting of clubs and the weather, and walking up the stairs.

Later, while an over-worked professor was outlining the first chapter in book one of Roman Literature, Mary Lambert was hearing only the rise and fall of his monotonous voice and thinking, "She has more possibilities than any other girl here. She has beauty and personality, but she'll never know people who would really appreciate her because she will never meet them. Her clothes are awful, and she wouldn't say the right things."

During that first year they were together a great deal. Mary Lambert discovered that there were boys who liked to take her out just because they enjoyed it, and not because their mothers knew her mother or they had been to her debut the winter before. She found out there were many charming girls who weren't pretty. They didn't even care about being pretty . . . though they did have beautiful older sisters that their families paraded around as they said, "No, our youngest isn't beautiful at all."

The change in Carol was more perceptible. It became evident through a milder nail polish and, strangely enough, the "right" kind of shoes. She found out there was a certain way she could walk into a room that did something to people. By smoothing her hair back instead of fluffing it around her face, she could achieve that effect that comes from generations of good breeding. But most of all she learned how to use her soft, low voice, and wear Mary Lambert's clothes with perfect assurance. Neither one realized or admitted that they were being rearranged by the other. It never occurred to Mary Lambert that the "dates" she had, the ones who liked her, had been selected by Carol, Carol who impressed upon her that it was fun to be happy; that it was fun being yourself, and forgetting that you'd always wanted to be someone else, just because your family apologized, and said you weren't beautiful at all. Nor did Carol admit to herself that she had copied Mary Lambert's voice. She didn't remember her friend had said before every important dance or party,

"That dress is too long for me. You might as well wear it." And she had worn them. She had stood in many doorways in Mary Lambert's clothes while smothered "Ah's" circled large rooms. She had been a success immediately, and for the first time in her life she wasn't ashamed of Lost Prairie. She didn't have to lie.

All during their freshman year it went on. Each enjoyed looking at the changes in the other and thinking, "Whatever would she have done without me. Stayed the poor stick she was, no doubt." In Carol's mind, "She'd still be wanting to be someone else, and smothering her own charming self." In Mary's thoughts, "She would have gone back to Lost Prairie, and married someone who wouldn't have known or cared that she was beautiful."

In the second year Carol Day, daughter of Mike Day of Lost Prairie, spent the Holidays in Boston with Mary Lambert. Carol never forgot that Christmas. She hadn't known people lived like that . . . people like the Lamberts, in such warmth, and laughter, and luxury.

The second day of the vacation Mary Lambert's mother had said, "Your friend is really lovely, dear. Did you say she was from the west?"

"Yes, Oh . . . yes . . . from the west. Ranchers, I think . . . important . . . ranchers."

She took a certain pride in this glittering person who set all her Boston friends agog. She couldn't help thinking of the first time she had seen her and the awful shoes she had worn. The same pride was in Carol when she overheard at a Christmas ball,

"What's happened to Mary Lambert? She's different . . . and fun . . . She's swell!"

There was no after remark about her being not at all beautiful.

It was when they were juniors that Mary Lambert met Peter. He came home from Yale with her brother for a holiday. She had been standing before an open fire in the drawing room, and Phil had said,

“Mary, this is Peter, a pal of mine. Pete, my sister.”

That had been all. He had taken her hand and said the usual things. Later, when she was to think back on it, she was to remember that they had danced what must have been thousands of miles together that week-end, and the orchestras always seemed to be playing “Star Dust.” She went back to school that year in love with him, knowing that he would probably never think of her again except as Phil Lambert’s nice sister who showed him such a good time when he spent a week-end in Boston. She only told Carol that Phil had brought a boy home with him and that they had had a wonderful time. She guessed that was all there was to tell.

It was the next fall that Carol was invited to the Yale-Harvard game. She wore Mary’s new tweed suit that week-end, and when she came back there was a light in her face that no one had ever seen there before. She never looked quite the same after that. Mary often wondered why, but never asked. Carol went to many Yale affairs that year.

She said one day, “There’s a boy there I like. I . . . oh, well . . . he’s awfully nice.”

“At Yale? I know a boy at Yale too. I wonder if they know each other.” This from Mary.

Carol didn’t notice that she changed the subject quickly, and began sorting papers. Carol never mentioned the boy at Yale again, but Mary knew she was in love with him, whoever he was. She had a glow about her that made her eyes shine and her lips curve into a smile for no particular reason. And all the time Mary was thinking of Peter and “Star Dust” . . . and Peter again. Maybe he would come home this summer with Phil . . .

A few days before graduation the two of them . . . one from Boston . . . one from Lost Prairie, lunched at Pierre's. As Mary had said, "a last gesture, or something." There was an excitement in Carol . . . an unrest . . . finally she said,

"He's coming here. I asked him to, so that you could meet him. You see, I'm going to marry him."

"You're going to marry him? Peter, you mean?"

"Of course, yes, Peter. How did you know?"

"I don't really know . . . just intuition, I guess. He spent a week-end at home with Phil once." She wondered herself how she had known . . . known all along it was Peter that Carol was in love with. And now she must say, "How lovely! How perfectly wonderful! Now you need never go back to Lost Prairie! No . . . yes, June weddings are beautiful."

At her elbow someone was saying, "Does Mademoiselle care for dessert?"

"Dessert . . . yes, by all means. The ice, please," to freeze one's heart over quickly . . . so that she would forget that she wanted to be Carol, to forget that until someone like Carol came along, she would again be Mary Lambert of the Boston and Southampton Lamberts . . . and not beautiful at all.

THE STUDENT-CRITIC IN LITERATURE

ROBERT C. HAYS, LAW 1

WHAT does it take to be accepted as a competent "book-reviewer"? First, a man has to be able to read English. Next, he should have a college degree or at least a reputation for academic accomplishments. Then he must have a pleasing personality. If he can tell his audience, or readers, enough about a book to save them the trouble of reading it, his position is secured. If he can say something half-way original in smart sounding phrases, he is made. These, I believe, are the usual requisites demanded of a modern book-reviewer. But they fall far short of the qualifications of a real literary critic.

There is a tendency to confuse book-reviewing with book evaluating. Which function is actually the craft of the critic? Many modern critics have discovered the advantage of working a certain amount of reviewing into their articles. This policy, incidentally, is not without virtue. At least it will impregnate the criticism with the heart and soul of the book under consideration, rather than with the abstract reasoning of the critic and the massed statistics of his criteria. But the true function of criticism is to determine the essential or intrinsic worth of the book *as literature*. Not as the book everyone's talking about. Nor as the great So-and-So's latest work. The popularity or unpopularity of a book should have no influence upon a genuinely objective criticism.

Few of us in college have any ambition to see our names in print over professional discussions of the latest novel to captivate the public. We prefer a more lucrative occupation. I know that I myself plan on living a literate life, but not an especially literary one. But I feel like telling you college people to make of yourselves competent amateur critics of literature.

The ability to form an accurate criticism of a piece of literature is worth cultivating, whether you plan on being a doctor, a pharmacist, a lawyer, a business man, or just a man.

This is the age of the Printed Word. Most of what we learn every day comes to us in the form of print. It's a wonderful invention, this printing; men have been saying that for a long time. Millions of people who take their own intelligence for granted are so swayed by the magic of the printed word that they read with a sort of hypnotized gullibility, ready to accept anything—unless the writer tells them how to vote! Nowhere is this mental servility more obvious than in the reading world of literary criticism. Here the verdicts of established critics, often notoriously careless, are accepted without question. Which books do people buy? Those the critics recommend.

Literary servility is not worthy of an educated mind. In matters literary the college student should not allow other people to do his thinking for him, or to shape his judgments, or to mold his opinions. And here we see the value of being able to do our own criticising. If you learn to make sound appraisals for yourself, independent of the wholesale ballyhoo, you will be in a position to recognize and select only that literature which is worth reading. To know the true standards of literary criticism, to apply them to the book in hand and pass accurate judgment is surely a power worth cultivating.

Since an act of criticism is simply a process of measurement by certain standards, the critic's first job is to locate the true criteria of literature. Now on this point the boys have wide differences of opinion. Some take the easy path of Impressionism; others work on a basis purely Interpretative, or purely Appreciative, or Creative, or Censorious. The basis they select will probably determine their caliber as critics. The ideal connoisseur, I suppose, appropriates the best in each of the systems; but any worthwhile judgment is determined by considerations of Thought, Form, Emotion, Imagination. In crea-

tive literature we demand these ingredients; we want them balanced and fused so that we derive a pleasure from the reading and share in the human experience of the writer. The ability to see these values may be largely a matter of native taste, but any college student has some spark of it. He can fan that spark with the text-books, but it will soon die out unless he brings out the recognized masters of expression. Arnold's phrase is still good, "It is the business of criticism to know the best that has been known and thought in the world."

"I think the couplet excellent," said Boswell.

"Sir," replied Dr. Johnson, "you may think it excellent but that does not make it so."

This rebuke should have taught Boswell the first fundamental in good criticism: be objective. Analyze the book with a judicious sense. Avoid expressing your opinions until you have determined the basic reasons for these opinions and are prepared to explain them. The critic's work is to understand, to appreciate, and to evaluate a book. As a man, he should have tolerance, sympathy, sincerity. Coleridge had this advice to give: "To the young I would remark that it is always unwise to judge of anything by its defects; the first attempt ought to be to discover its excellences."

Be sympathetic and tolerant; yes, but, remember that you are a judge, one who wants to apply the true standards of literary criticism impartially and with the gentle firmness of the well-rounded scholar, whose aesthetic taste and background give him strength of conviction.

With the development of the critical faculty goes the development of the power of expression. Coleridge, Arnold, Ruskin had the power of expressing themselves in the best prose. Their ability in this respect may have done much to establish their criticism as literature destined to survive. The fine critic is usually a skillful writer; I suppose power of expression is prac-

tically a *sine qua non* in professional criticism today. You will note that the really successful critics can write with genuine literary charm, with simplicity and clarity, with fresh phraseology. These qualities are simply the formal requisites for recognition as a critic. Unfortunately, as I pointed out earlier, they are not the sole requisites—a clever word-artist can often deceive the ordinary reading public so far as the true basis of criticism is concerned.

Comes now the man who has decided to cultivate an attitude of educated self-reliance, to think independently of the herd, to read with a keen critical sense. These are his intentions, and he has chosen well, for blessed are they who scorn intellectual servility. No longer must he find out what “they” think of a new book before he can say what he himself thinks. The verdicts of the “big shots” in contemporary criticism will have no influence on him. Of no avail is the fame or the name of the writer. Our man, or woman, realizes that publishing companies are primarily commercial enterprises. They must sell their wares, or else— Our critic tries to be uninfluenced by the impressive advertising these companies give their new offerings.

His opinions will be original, logical, sincere, unobtrusive and quietly expressed. He does not waste his time reading trash, creative or critical, for he is able to recognize really worthwhile literature and worthwhile literary criticism. While exercising his faculty of literary evaluation perhaps he can be at the same time perfecting a power applicable to any field of endeavor. The power of sound judgment is the most highly paid talent in the world.

NO REGRETS

THOMAS EDWARD KANE, M. D., JUNE '36

THE freighter *Vigil* ploughed through the moving waters, breasting the white peaks of the little choppy waves. Behind her as she moved away from the afterglow of sunset, lay a troubled wake, and to port her dense film of smoke was caught up into the crisp air by a rising breeze.

Captain Hill, so informally dressed that he looked like a casual observer on the freighter's bridge, pulled the cap which was his sole sign of authority farther down over one bushy gray eyebrow and stared 'round him. The overloaded, short steamer was afflicted with a heavy roll. Before him, as the boat lunged onward through the first splatterings of rain, the forward derricks swayed more than usual against the lowering horizon to the east. But the captain was only vaguely worried as he paced slowly up and down the steel deck of the bridge; his thoughts were occupied with other things.

For ten years, he was thinking, he had commanded this freighter, a strange, yet somehow satisfying occupation. Long ago he had ceased to feel even a twinge of envy as the master of some huge liner saluted his dirty little boat from a resplendent bridge high above. He had been a good sailor; this ship had been safe in his care in bad seas and good. And tonight, the feeling of premonition and unease swept over him again, tonight might be his last fight against the sea. This was his last trip.

"There will be a nice pension." So they had said, but since that day his step had been less sprightly, and ever and again something seemed to warn him of his last trip. The captain put the matter from his mind and now was thinking that perhaps it was all for the best. He could be resting and, well, there would be a white cottage in the country and a garden for

his wife, who would no longer be forever waiting for his return. The house was ready; she had seen to that and sent him a picture to Rio.

“Good evening, sir.” Young Murphy, the second mate, broke in upon the meditations of the captain. “All well?”

“Quite, Mr. Murphy,” Captain Hill replied, his sparkle of voice belying his formal words. He began a technical discussion of weather conditions to cover up the rather detached mood he had been discovered in. The captain liked this young man, only twenty-four and a mate already. That was good and the boy knew his business; had gone out of Cobh on an Irish boat of Tim Brophy’s, he who had gone down at Suez, gone down with his boat like a gentleman.

“Don’t be missing your dinner, sir.”

“No, no.” The captain suddenly discovered it was time to leave the bridge. He frowned at the dark, fungating billowings of storm clouds swimming toward them out of the east. “There seems to be more than a hint that this will be a real one—the storm, I mean. I hope,” he continued half angry at himself for his worry, “I hope nothing happens tonight. It’s our last before port. Our last.” He repeated it and turned away.

“We can’t be having it this late in the game, sir,” the mate cried after him confidently. “You needn’t worry; I’ll call if necessary, and I’ll carry on.” The full tactlessness of his words did not break upon him until, with a brief word of reply, the old man had gone. Murphy looked thoughtful.

Yes, that was it, thought the captain as he walked to his narrow cabin to prepare for dinner, someone would always carry on. The sea—he paused, and the years flooded back so that his steady blue eyes grew dim with the realization of inescapable time—the sea could be harsh. His face softened though, for the memory of it did not pursue him with unpleasant disillusionment. As he sat down to write in the ship’s log,

the realization came upon him that it had all been worthwhile, sorrow, disaster, high moments of joy, all had part of an immense vitality that had beckoned him on. And now it was over. One night more on the sea and then—he spoke aloud, “No regrets!”

It was but a few steps along the rolling deck to the little room which served as a dining room for the five passengers the accommodations of the vessel allowed. But while he strode along, the words formed and reformed in his mind. They were not quite true, perhaps, but nothing useful or brave ever is, quite.

They all looked up as the captain came in, a little late as usual. “Captain looks worried tonight,” O’Malley thought as he acknowledged the greeting and watched the large man slip gracefully into a narrow place behind his plate. Perhaps the tenseness about O’Malley and his inner nervousness added acuity to his faculties. There had been a sparkling intelligence about O’Malley and a deep philosophical trend in his conversation which interested the master of the *Vigil*. He and this adventurer, whose name was not really O’Malley, had had many an interesting talk. O’Malley was excited tonight and liked it. He had been afraid that the adventurous life he had led and his wide travel had robbed him of the luxury of enthusiasm. He was within two days of home and he, who had loved life for its novelty, was restless with an old disease, nostalgia. Often of late he had asked himself if the years of wearisome work, the ceaseless separation and longing for the sights and people he truly loved had given compensation. It was strange to strangle the desires of the soul and feel so few regrets, to spend a lifetime torn between adventure and those things which were lasting in his heart, a vision of the home he had left. No regrets, but still there was Ireland and home. He smiled gaily and turned to the captain with a question.

Across the table Rosetti, who was not really named Rosetti, wondered what curious thoughts were chasing through O'Malley's head. The red hair, not in the least thin in face of fifty years, glinted vividly in the glaring light and his profile fell in sharp outline on the pine panelled wall full in front of the Italian who pondered its aristocratic outline. Rosetti might have been surprised if he could have known the Irishman's thoughts as he lapsed into brooding silence. It was done, he was thinking, and tomorrow night, his work was accomplished. He would slip over to shore in a fishing boat at night. There would be a hushed landing in the nighttime and friends there and sure there would be a ride then to a city through the morning air. Dear God, but now, and wouldn't it be good to see the Irish countryside in the morning and the dew on a thousand roses before the white houses of Wicklow with every bird singing his heart out for the Patriot, and him but new returned from the peril of the land and sea to look at it all and be glad. A light shone in his eyes as O'Malley thought of it and almost a tear arose in the outer corner of his eye at the memory of the smell of it with breezes moving branches of huge trees out of morning mist like banshees, their dark robes covered with silver. And he successful and home, exulting. With his heart singing, it would be, and the money for the party hidden in his belt, a return to the Island for all she had given. What joy there was in bringing it at last only those other three could know who died trying.

His reverie was broken by Rosetti and the captain commenting on the weather.

"Quite rough, and I hope there will be no danger in it, captain," Rosetti observed, his voice liquid, yet strangely reserved and dignified. His eyes curiously showed little concern as he mentioned danger and his thin lips were composed.

"No," the captain assured him in the strange tone he always used to Rosetti, "No, I don't think so, I've weathered many

another little squall on this ocean. I believe I should be welcoming this from the bridge now; my last, you know; a farewell salute, as it were!" What a fool, he was telling himself, to be so queerly sad at the thought of its being all over, and yet endings are always so. He laughed unconvincingly at the comfort his mind advanced, "No regrets."

The casual tone did not impress Dr. Murdock, who had not practiced since his license was revoked in Essex seventeen years before. Coldly he reasoned that there could be no menace in the rising storm to those precious packages so securely hidden from either elements or men. His negative personality did not assert itself as he took a long cigarette from a silver case and thrust it between lips, exclaiming tersely, "We're heavily loaded, sir."

"Nonsense," the captain felt the cold eyes turned upon him quietly as the Englishman leaned one trim, stylish sleeve unconcernedly on the table, "We are just too short for this choppy sea." He knew his evasion did not register with this one who traveled the seas so often. The doctor, however, looked away without commenting. So little different, he might have reasoned, if he vanished into the currents of the Liverpool wharves to reappear neat and respectable, negative as ever in a few months or to never look with cynical and cold regard on the monotony of another day.

The first mate met the captain on deck a little later in the torrent of rain which blew in sheets from the lowering clouds, while the phonograph from the reading salon signified that the passengers were about to wait out the storm, too nervous over the flashes of lightning in the east to go below.

"Has Stenson come up to dinner tonight?" The mate grinned as he referred to the morose passenger, whose meal he had just seen on its way back to the galley untasted.

"No, you win, I believe." The captain growled goodnaturedly at being reminded that he had lost a little bet on the misan-

thrope who had stayed below every night. "But," he continued, "That boastful little Frenchman, Le Something-or-Other, wasn't up to pester us with his details of personal holdings and property, so I'm more than even. He just went into the cabin with the rest now, holding on to the rail with one hand and his wallet with the other."

They entered the glassed-in enclosure of the bridge. The mate was quiet, thinking of his home and his wife. Probably had a son by now; he hoped it was, and he was glad he had the money for the specialist. The trouble last time had scared him and now, well, even now every wireless scared him. Next time! He almost felt it wrong to think of it in the presence of the skipper, but anyway, next trip he would command the old tub and . . . he jumped at the captain's word to help young Murphy with the charts.

Below, the doctor and O'Malley discussed Chesterton, Ambrose Pare, and modern psychiatry. The little Frenchman had just discovered that the Italian knew French and was volubly explaining his financial affairs in Nice, where he ran a store and had a "nice house up the little hill to the west, you know." He worried at every roll of the ship and protested that having paid his fare, he expected safety. They talked next about capital punishment, then back to business.

Rosetti knew much about business, too; he had been in a kind of business until he had closed out and sent its proceeds home to his parents who were known as the Moroccos. Capital punishment, well, he had had lots to forget about that. Yes, Rosetti would have to forget a death row where a certain Elbretti, so called, stayed for the murder of a chiseler until his escape; it seemed there were bribes and a freighter leaving one night. Yes, Rosetti was interested in money and all the quiet and anonymity it would buy in sunny Italy.

So they talked until the storm became worse, finally grouping near the portholes to watch it.

The visibility from the bridge became worse and the rain fell thicker. Gusts of wind blew against the glass windows. The *Vigil* lunged heavily through the darkness. Murphy didn't like that roll, for old Tom Brophy's boat was like that the night they went down off Suez. He could hardly be letting himself think of the danger of the thing now. They were waiting for him at home and with his first leave in months—it would kill them, his father and mother, if he didn't come, couldn't come. There would come forgetfulness finally, perhaps, and yet he was the only one, and the sea was cruel sometimes. The storm worried him.

"It's better now, the worst is over." Murphy looked up hopefully.

"Yes," the first mate assured Captain Hill, who looked strangely at the sea whose majestic dark waters became intermittently visible as they dashed at the sides. "It won't be any worse."

By midnight the storm was furious.

Waves dashed high over the heavy steel plates on the fore-deck and the ship listed heavily to leeward. The captain, his ulster gleaming in the searchlight, grimly held on to a deck rail and directed covering of hatches. Unease crept over him as the minutes went on.

Out of the storm a message came. The first mate felt faint as it was handed in to where the three officers stood managing the ship. The captain read it and left, and the mate felt a wave of relief sweep over him. The captain spoke with Rosetti. He would not arrest him until just before they docked in Liverpool, would tell no one in the meantime, was sorry, and turned away silently.

Strange that they should have found him. Rosetti only could think that; and tonight, two days from safety. Well, his parents had the money. As for him, if there was not to be peaceful

years in the dreamy old town he knew, if there was not after all to be a white villa on some vine-clad hill, flowers, harvests, bambinos and heart's desire, well, his parents would be happy. For him, return and no regrets. He wondered if the roses were as rich, the olive groves as lovely; he sighed, and joined his companions.

The bridge was confusion when the captain returned. Murphy was pale and quiet, but was furiously fumbling the charts. The first mate was shouting orders below.

"We're in danger sir!" Murphy stammered in appeal to the old man. His presence seemed to calm them.

"They've reported two plates in the forward hull are sprung, the bulkhead is leaking and her forward has been filling for perhaps an hour without being noticed!"

Without a word, the captain turned and the second mate followed. The storm was abating already, and still this was happening, and to their boat. The engine room was full of excited men. "Back stoking," the captain cried as he burst into the forward alley. The floor was wet, and a foot of water gushed out of the door to the forward cargo when they looked in. Desperately, the captain entered and saw the damage, rushed out and up to the bridge. The mate stayed below, the pumps were started, bulkheads closed as well as possible, and the freighter swung around into the storm. Murphy handled the bridge.

"I've got them," the wireless operator told Captain Hill a few minutes later. "They heard our SOS. Want to know are we sinkin'?"

"Tell them," the captain's voice almost broke, his last night, and first such message, "Tell them to hurry, we can't last until morning. Our position—"

They were all gathered in the dining salon, all but Stensen, who was being routed out by the steward. Mr. Murphy came to the door at three-thirty-five. They were sinking, rescue was near; their objective was to keep afloat until help came—almost impossible, he told them frankly—or until abatement of the storm allowed boats to be let down. There were not enough boats. His strained voice, honest and sincere, brave, impressed them and they donned life-belts.

It was nearly four-fifteen when the captain ordered the boats lowered for the second time. This time it was possible but the minutes were few. In the nightmare of hours since two o'clock, the ship had foundered while they were dreaming, it seemed. It was unbelievable.

At the sound of the davits, the men below rushed up from where the water was up to their waists and mingled with the passengers, climbing, scrambling, fighting their way into the boats. A few stood back. The first mate, unafraid of the possible trap, went below.

“Yes,” the captain assented, “yes, the end is near; save what time for us you can.”

The mate returned a minute later. “We are going fast sir, and I believe half the plates on the port side are open.”

The sea was running heavily, yet things looked better for the boats. There was just a chance they would not capsize. Above, a few incurious stars broke through the mantle of darkness; the East was still black with clouds. The captain was stung into action as his eyes saw the line of water lapping over the port side forward. The boats were ready. “Lower away!”

They descended quickly, two remained upright, the rest with many of the crew crying out in terror, fell and were crushed or turned over in the cold waters. Men clung to the sides of the overturned craft and crawled on top.

Stensen stood watching all this sardonically. He had been persuaded to leave his cabin, and the curious little white pills, to desert the long sleep he had wanted. But not for long. Peculiar, to be saved from taking one's own life by this, which others regarded as a catastrophe. The water was around his ankles even here on the highest part of the deck; a few waves and he would be washed away, and he wouldn't care. Now that little Frenchman, out in the strongest boat—no doubt, death seemed evil to him. Stensen smiled. He felt brave and great, like a nordic god. He laughed bitterly.

It was four-thirty, the last boat had left, the freighter was just afloat, her lights had gone out, and men were jumping off the stern. Stensen peered around the corner to the port side. He started as a figure groped along toward him. It was the Frenchman. There was a twinkle in the little fellow's eye as he proffered a life-belt.

"They left me!" He said it almost gaily.

"But, aren't you frightened? What will you do?" Stensen asked.

"Well, I can try to swim and then—Oh, I'll come out alive, I know I'll be alive, yes. They pushed me back at the boats, but . . ." He broke off and hastened back down the deck apparently in search of a second life belt to don.

"Hurry around here where the deck is clear," Stensen shouted after him. "This one is awash now. Look out for the waves and the suction when we go!" He turned and ran around to the starboard and hung on to a steel ladder. The waters were rising and the ship trembled. He smiled. Saving him the trouble and now, he who had lost all he had could dream just as he had intended, and forget. Or maybe remember; that great wooden house with the square red tower on the corner. The wooden house, strangely built and the fir and pines lonesomely around it. He had left when nineteen and the years between were filled with thoughts of it. White snows, the Swedish lake, warm fires in the house, his people, and Anna, who waited and

was proud of him. He used to grow lonely as he sat in his Chicago club, and he would resolve to go home in Spring when the flowered hills, the trees blooming in the orchard and the sloping lawn would all be fresh and fragrant. Now, the waves at his feet, he had not one regret; he had failed, but the waters would conceal his failure forever.

The mate's work was done. He stood by the captain. The captain was grim but he spoke kindly.

"You may go now, I hope you come out, Latimer."

"I'm sorry sir."

"I know. Hurry now. Only a minute left." He saw the mate hesitate and added, smiling, "No word to anyone; I went down on the bridge, that's all she'll want to know."

"Goodbye." The mate was gone.

The captain braced himself as the other left, thinking how unbearable it was. Captain Hill looked the last time at the stars as the ship rumbled and trembled beneath him. "The power of the night, the press of the storm . . . Fear death?" Browning was right, he must be. "The worst turns the best to the brave . . ." There was a roaring in the old man's ears.

The waters threw Stenson twice against a ventilator, and the coldness shocked him into struggling. He swirled, sank for an interminable time and then, while some detached part of his mind told him he was dying, he found himself gasping on the surface. He swam quickly toward a light to the left.

When the ship went down the nearest lifeboat spun around once and slithered under the mounting waves. Doctor Murdock struck out in the water. Quietly and efficiently he swam toward a shape in the darkness.

O'Malley could swim no longer. The muscles of his neck contorted in an effort to drag more air into his bursting lungs; he choked terribly as he sank; he thought it would be easy, but it was frightful. Against the dragging, precious weight in his belt he struggled to the surface. Only a little more and safety; there was the raft ahead; the vision was before him, one com-

mon to so many of us would we but admit it, we who could remake the earth of the little pieces of it so dear to us that we carry them in memory forever. His vision was of the morning, trees, mist, flowers and soft hills blended, rising in the air that was so fragrant that he had dreamed of it through a thousand years of longing. Once more he sank, choking, struggling, then quiet.

When Mr. Murphy was picked up by those who stood on a life raft, he found the mate waiting, his eyes still glazed by the memory of the captain's figure on the sinking bridge of the ship he had lost! In a moment Dr. Murdock was helped on. He said nothing. Stensen was aided up next. Soon they were standing precariously on the unsteady, dipping support, up to their knees in water. Stensen moved with cold; the raft nearly toppled; they told him to be still.

Lights got nearer, but another hour of waiting was long for them.

As they went over the side of the rescue boat, Rosetti smiled; his secret was safe. Then he saddened as he thought of the brave man with whom it rested forever. Stensen turned his back on the scene of wreckage revealed by searchlights. Spring was near; the old wooden house with the tower, the fragrant orchard, all would heal and let him forget.

Mr. Murphy considerably sent a brief, very unemotional telegram to his parents, but his eyes blinded with tears as he addressed it. First Mate Latimer quietly wrote on a blank in the captain's suite to his wife and, he hoped, his son. He assured them he would be home by Friday; he had one visit to be made to a little cottage; he must make it; but he would be home by Friday.

Dr. Murdock would be in Liverpool almost on time. In a month he would cross again. He stood at the *Italia's* rail smoking. He looked at the still turbulent waves almost regretfully.

EL GRECO, "MODERN" PAINTER

ELIZABETH KATHERINE MURPHY, U. C.

HIS Majesty, King Philip II, flanked by a glitter of courtiers, stood critically before a painted canvas. Disapproval darkened the king's face, and it was instantly mirrored in the watchful and mobile countenances about him.

"No!" he ruled sharply. "It will not do for my Escorial. Send it back to the Greek!"

That, as far as Philip II was concerned, ended the career of the unfortunate artist. It would seem that this painter, universally known as El Greco, was born three centuries too soon. He has been hailed by the painter of today as the Messiah of Modernism, as the Champion of Individualism, as the Saviour of Impressionism. In his early works, it is true that he favored the blotchy form of impressionism and that this flavor of modernity lingered about his work throughout his life. However, his first attempts scarcely hinted at the full manner he achieved in Toledo, and at the flare of genius that lay dormant in him. It was not until he took up portraiture that his hand steadied and his finer abilities blossomed. He brought to the field of Art a subtlety of vision and a perception of nuance which had hitherto been lacking. His direct vehemence of movement and his portrayal of the ecstasy of religious exaltation created an unearthly sort of chiaroscuro, and a weird use of muted tones, dull greens, faded pinks, and dingy whites. Few people enjoy El Greco. It takes a strong head and a firm grasp to bridle the quivering terror in his canvas, but it is from his canvas that we come to understand and appreciate the man.

Born in Crete about 1550, El Greco first studied painting in his homeland. Dissatisfied for some reason, he attempted Venetian art under Titian and Tintoretto. Again discontented,

he wandered to Rome; and still he did not find what he sought. It was there that he was called "an imitator of Titian," and so in a fury he took himself off to Toledo.

El Greco despised imitation. Unfortunately, he lived in a day when imitation was accepted and honored. From the midst of this atmosphere, El Greco rose in glaring contrast. He determined to prove that such a thing as originality still could hold its own in the march of events. So firmly did this idea possess him that it followed him with the persistence of an obsession. He created a new manner, combining the high-keyed religious fervor and funereal gloom of the Spanish with his own unleashed and erratic imagination. The result is a union of the actual with the transcendental.

El Greco was not content with establishing himself. He saw to it that he would have no imitators. He was to be his own master and his own school. With infinite, exhausting labor, he perfected a form of light that baffled his admirers. It is not a transcription of any light known to earth—a pallid, flickering, ashen brilliance. It spreads through his canvas with the wavering movement of flames, robbing form of its solidity and making of darkness a thing of terror. In many of his pictures that light shivers through his figures, not over and about them. To this day his secret has not been fathomed.

Financially El Greco seems to have been well situated. His home in Toledo boasted twenty-four rooms; his studio spread over several of them. It was there that he made tiny clay models of each prospective picture. In another room, he sketched in on canvas the design of every painting, and in the studio proper he did his final work. The Greek classics are found in his library, and there is a record of his having imported musicians from Italy to play to him as he sat at his meals.

El Greco satisfies the popular conception of an old-world artist. He was an accomplished eccentric, a trouble-mixer, almost pugnacious in his high-handed independence. Spain calls him "the bizarre." He possessed the supreme audacity to sue the Inquisition for libel—and won the suit. It was customary for a picture to be assessed by chosen judges at its completion. Should the decision fail to please El Greco, he promptly took it up in court and usually retired with his own price.

His favorite pupil, Luis Tristan, on finishing a picture which had been ordered by the monks of La Sisle, asked two hundred ducats for it. The monks were aghast. They refused to pay. Luis, in some perplexity, returned to his master with the news. The next day the monks urbanely appeared before El Greco and suggested blandly that some mistake must have been made. The boy had asked two hundred ducats for his picture. El Greco flew into a fury. Before his assembled pupils and his guests, he pounced on Luis and beat him wildly with his clenched fist, vowing that Luis was the most stupid apprentice he had ever been cursed with. How had he dared to ask two hundred ducats for a picture worth five hundred? Between blows, he swore he would buy the picture himself, and the whole affair ended with the monks imploring El Greco to desist and eagerly consenting to pay five hundred for the painting! It seems that life with El Greco was seldom dull.

But El Greco's passion for his art spared him little time to enjoy his eccentricity. He was a prolific artist, working violently, recklessly, in a sort of vibrant intensity that drove his personality headlong into each canvas. He wanted his paintings to be placed all over the world, that their individualism might be an open challenge to the sham art he so hated. It has taken him four centuries, but it has been done.

Unfortunately, in his later life El Greco over-strained his individuality. One can imagine him intoxicated with his first triumphs, plunging on into greater and more extravagant

schemes; and, as often happens, his eagerness to say the things originally led him into mannerisms as marked as the mannerisms he detested. His pictures became monstrosities, too emotional even for the Spaniard. A master of the unearthly, he was something like Poe and he suffered Poe's fate.

His decline from the spiritual to the grotesque is tartly observed in this paragraph from Craven:

"However perfect this picture (*The Agony in the Garden*) may be as a unified structure, it fails of its tragical purport by reason of an absurdity in the conception. El Greco, partly for the sake of his design, and partly because his febrile imagination could not always distinguish between the tragic and the ridiculous, reduces three apostles to the size of manikins in the proximity of figures larger than life, and stuffs them into the pocket of a cloud resembling a huge and unhealthy oyster. The effect verges on the comical . . ."

His pictures writhed in hideous contortions, and the blame may not be laid to the fact that El Greco possessed no knowledge of anatomy. He simply declined to use that knowledge. He was going to be different, and different he surely was. Even his adopted name belies him. No one was ever less Greek than he in his thrusting, turbulent, unconventional art. At his death in 1614, he was already forgotten. No monument stands to his honor. Spain has ignored him.

Today El Greco is drawn forth into a world where personality is everything; and it is probable that he will never step from this new recognition, for when this modern era has passed away, he will yet be secure in his rightful place. El Greco took up his brush to make a step forward in the cause of originality; and before he laid it down, it had taken him to immortality.

Extremes

Life is a tumble-weed, blown by the winds
Through the dusty streets of time,
Without a care,
Not knowing where,
No reason and no rhyme.

Life is a rose bush, stately and fair,
With a tall and willowy grace;
Self-satisfied, trim,
Conventional, prim,
With every leaf in place.

—GERTRUDE MARTIN

